

FR: RPD is in love, bad at night game, and an idiot.

RedPillDad | 31 October, 2021 | by RP McMurphy

I love my wing MD, but I gotta stop letting him drag me to clubs where the music is insanely loud, the male-female ratio is bad, and most people don't seem to hook up—although I should add that he's pulled quite a few times under these conditions, so perhaps I have something to learn.[1] I want to be a good wing (when I left the club, he was dancing with a hot Latina I made him open who'd been giving him IOIs, but overall I'm pretty sure I failed because I peaced out at 11:30), but I have to say my heart wasn't truly in it, because [Festival Girl](#) is unofficially my girlfriend, although neither of us have yet used the term.

Sex with her is amazing, we've gotten experimental, and the chemistry is absolutely electric; last Friday she came over and we immediately had sex because that's what we do. Then we walked to the store, got groceries for dinner, and came back to have sex again—but this time I tied her up, spanked her using a paddle, put a butt plug in her, and when I put my cock in her and she saw God. I don't know if I've ever made a woman scream that loud, and that's including all the orgasms I've managed to coax out of myriad chicks over the past few years. I also ended up finishing with one of the more powerful orgasms I've had myself. Shoutout to: "[Tell your girl to use a vibrator during sex, and other bedroom tips and sex skills for guys](#)," which helped me expand my repertoire, think better about how to best fuck chicks, and gave me some templates for improving my game here. Before I read it, I was good; after, I've layered a few more techniques and toys and become great.

Afterwards, we made dinner, during which we casually discussed setting up [an FFM threesome](#), something we're both very interested in, as well as going to sex clubs. After dinner we watched a movie, had sex again—I didn't come that time, but then we went back to watching the movie and she asks if she can suck me off and I'm like, "knock yourself out, but I've already come twice and I don't know if I'll be able to go again." But wouldn't you know it? Her skill and enthusiasm summoned forth one more. Absolutely unbelievable—her blowjobs are the best I've had since [Cam Girl](#). After that date, Festival Girl and I had another date this past Tuesday, which was also amazing: watching *Dune* and fucking before and after? Yes please.

It feels like I've documented as much as I need to with Festival girl, at least regarding the relationship between the two of us—whatever we are is heading into LTR territory. However, if and when we do the FFM and/or sex club thing, I'll definitely write the field reports about how that goes down. [Xbtusd](#) and Red Quest have both been counseling me in how to make the sex clubs happen, and in Festival Girl I think I've found the right girl to explore that area.

Night Game Review: Matching Archetypes, Venue, and Racial Dynamics

Let's jump back to last Saturday, when I was at the club with MD. Night game is a tricky beast: on the one hand, girls tend to be bitchy—behavior wavering between gold-digging, status-seeking, and attention craving—and people gravitate toward the worst kinds of venues. On the other: some girls will go home with you that same night if your game is tight, and the access to quality is higher than you'll get in almost any other modality. If you want your shot at genuine 8s and 9s with some regularity, night game is your game.

I've never liked "club" night game, despite the advantages I mentioned above, because there are typically much better opportunities at dive or karaoke bars, tap houses, or party bars—all venues where you can have a conversation with a girl or group of girls. That's my fucking game—I'm pretty decent looking and

happen to be tall and in good shape, all of which help, but the reason I do well with girls is I can fucking spit it. I'm charming, fun, witty, and if she can't hear a word I'm saying, none of that can come through. In night game, you need everything working in your favor. This past Saturday, we went to a club where the DJ played nothing but Latin beats, and 80+% of the venue was Latin or Hispanic. Which is fine for a certain kind of player, but that is NOT the kind of place girls go to meet tall white guys with plug earrings and tattoos...like me, which I discovered while trying to wing for MD, getting rejected by a string of fat Hispanic 5s.

I don't think it's worth diving too deep into the racial dynamics, but, in day game you're simply approaching girls you find attractive—and who might be attracted to any sort of guy—but, in night game, girls go places they like, meaning they go to places where there are guys they're attracted to. I did really well earlier this year at the Country Bar—why? Because girls are there to meet white guys, especially tall, burly ones like me, even if I don't exactly sport the country fashion—though I'd probably do even better there if I did. I know two bars in my city where white and Asian chicks go to hook up with black guys, and I'm guessing I'd do poorly in those venues.

I've bemoaned in a private chat that I never get Asian girls, and Pancake Mouse pointed out that my archetype, style, and peacocking are a turn-off to that kind of girl, which seems to be the same experience I have with Latinas. Point here is two-fold: yes, [race can be a factor](#), but it's also about the [style](#) and archetype you're presenting. Second: being white is not a panacea. Some girls don't like white guys, despite what a lot of people think. Instead of bitching about your race being a problem, develop an archetype the girls you are into like, and go to the events and venues those kinds of girls go to.

In night game this is especially important, because you're in one place at a time, maybe you have to pay a cover, and there's a limited number of girls who are there—which means if there's not enough who like a guy like you, you're sunk. MD can do a bit better in any venue because he has a darker complexion, and he's really, really good looking, which IS a panacea, no matter what your race or style happens to be. That said, at the club we were at Saturday, I doubt if even a super ripped, tatted white guy who was a true 9 could have done all that well, because he wouldn't have fit the clientele, many of whom were also expert Latin dancers. Maybe that's a limiting belief, but the other problem was a general lack of targets: there weren't many hot girls—another reason you want to choose where you go carefully, especially if they're charging a stiff cover. Quick point on that: I don't mind paying \$20 or even \$30 as a cover if there's A) a lot of hot girls with many more expected to come in so there's some turnover, and B) they keep the girl to guy ratio at least even, if not more girls than guys. The place we went last Saturday had neither of those things going for it for the hour and a half we were there.

Some good lessons learned, but a good reminder why so many guys dislike night game—because if it sucks, it really fucking sucks.

RPD is a Dumbass...or is he?

This past Wednesday, after my glorious date with Festival Girl Tuesday, I fucked another girl for a +1. RedQuest and xbtusd advised me not to do her—not because I'm likely to get caught by Festival Girl, but because it's not congruent with my goal to make her my LTR sex partner who can unlock the world of threesomes and sex clubs for me, if I can manage not to be an idiot and get caught fucking other girls.

Logically, they are right. The problem is, that's hard for me: I've spent the last three years basically doing whatever the hell I want when it comes to women. The one monogamous LTR I was in was hardly an LTR (like two or three months tops?), and I had no intention of being monogamous. And if you can't tell: I LOVE GAME. I absolutely love the chase of getting new girls. I love approaching them, talking to them, dating them, fucking them. It's addicting—maybe the drive for the next notch is the player's

equivalent of the thousand cock stare some chicks get after racking up a crazy body count. The scent of fresh strange quim drives me mad.

Which is why I found myself texting a girl I'll call "Feral Girl" after work on Wednesday, inviting her to my local bar. I'd met her before at another local watering hole a few weeks ago, and finally got her out. I arrived at the bar a bit early and had a beer, watched some baseball, texted people and dinked around on my phone. Soon enough Feral Girl got there, sitting across from me ordering a rye whiskey (btw, the waitress was super fucking hot—like a legitimate 8+—and so of course I thought about how I could fuck her as well).

We talked about the wedding Feral Girl attended recently, Halloween, what kind of a person she is and whether she thinks star signs are a thing (she thinks they're mostly bullshit). After a half hour I went to the bathroom and when I came back I sat next to her and began initiating kino, touching her hands, which were tiny of course because she's all of 5'. That led us into talking about polarity and how our crazy size difference was super hot, so I took the opportunity to kiss her. Our food came shortly after and we ate and talked and kissed some more, had another drink each.

And then I pulled: "Hey, let's get the check and go back to mine and have some wine and listen to music." Code for: let's go fuck. She agreed. On the walk back we made out a few times, and I intimated what would happen later, putting my hand on her throat and grabbing a fistful of her hair while kissing. Then up the stairs to my apartment. I showed her around, poured the wine and put on music, but before long she was straddling me, saying, in a bitchy, annoying tone, "now I just have to decide if I want to have sex with you."

I said, "you're right, but we certainly don't have to have sex right now or tonight. Let's just chill and talk and makeout and listen to music." Within 15 minutes we were naked and my dick was inside her, albeit sheathed (I hate condoms so much that in most cases I'll fuck a chick raw and just take my chances so long as she's on birth control).

That's where the fun ended. She was one of those chicks who's super bossy in bed: "fuck me harder", "too hard, slow down", "don't come yet", blah, blah, blah...she was a hassle, and I should've choked her to the point of her not being able to speak, but eventually I think she had an orgasm and then allowed me to pound her till I came. After that I kicked her out as soon as I possibly could, which wasn't actually all that hard—the sexual chemistry was off and I'm sure she sensed it too. Although who knows. The way she fucked I don't know any guy who'd be super happy about it unless it was his first ever or in a very long time. I don't like kicking girls out and I'm not proud of having done so. I want to generate win-win experiences, but she was unpleasant, lacked femininity, took instruction poorly, and her lack of grace was off putting to say it politely.

I got laid and that speaks to my skill as a player, but she didn't really make my life better in any way, and that's what I'm trying to prioritize now—not just fucking random chicks for pleasure, especially now that I have a hot girlfriend who wants to do FFM threesomes and go to sex parties with me.

Now it's Halloween weekend, Fest Girl is out of town, and I have parties to go to...can RPD manage to not be an idiot?

Update: on night one of Halloween he came close to being an idiot, but not full idiot.

Only time will tell.

[1]"I gotta stop letting him drag me to clubs" means, "I gotta say no, antisocial or not." I do sometimes go with the social flow.